

## or what? by [caffeinescripts](#)

**Series:** [afterwards](#) [2]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, jancy with everyone basically lol

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield & Nancy Wheeler, Mike Wheeler & Nancy Wheeler, Smallest Lucas / Max mention

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**Summary:**

“So, are you two dating now or what?” Dustin, of all people, asks them the next morning.

Nancy stops chewing on her toast and Jonathan goes red right beside her. The fact, maybe the irony, that this is the second time in twenty-four hours they’ve choked on their breakfasts while being confronted about their relationship is not lost on them.

## or what?

### Author's Note:

two things;

#1. i decided it might be nice to have all my work in one place so over the next few weeks i'm going to be posting all the little fics i put on tumblr on to here! sorry for getting anyones hopes up for posting anything new but if you don't follow me over there, here you go! hopefully by the time they're all posted the next long piece of work im trying to finish up now will be done so you'll have something i'm actually proud of to read then. until then, enjoy these!

#2: this was for jancy fanfic week day 1: welcome to the party! essentially jancy interacting with the kids & the ask i got requesting: jancy and "no what the FUCK get that THING away from me!" for the prompt list

"So, are you two dating now or what?" Dustin, of *all* people, asks them the next morning.

Nancy stops chewing on her toast and Jonathan goes red right beside her. The fact, maybe irony, that this is the second time in twenty-four hours they've choked on their breakfasts while being confronted about their relationship is not lost on them.

She wants to narrow her eyes and revert back to the bratty Nancy that used to slam the door on him, tell him the fact she slept in Jonathan's room last night should be answer enough. But she can't seem to force her eyes anywhere else but downwards and Jonathan's just as tense.

She can also feel Steve's eyes watching them now, without the excuse of 'just checking to make sure they're okay' validating it in her head.

"Uh," She starts as the rest of the table goes silent. She'd like to think

it's because the rest of the kids are curious about the answer and not to be cruel. Either way, she regrets offering to eat with them in the kitchen. She should be enjoying Jonathan's cooking in bed with him. Or in the living room with Hopper and Will and Mrs. Byers'. Or on the porch, or in his car, or anywhere else in the world but here.

It's not even a hard answer. Yes.

She wants to say yes. But they haven't had a chance to talk, hell to even think since this thing between them started. Does Jonathan want a relationship right now? Is she waiting until he gets in a better place with Will and his mother? Worse, is he going to retreat back into himself and ice her out again after the dust has settled? She has no idea and she frankly didn't think Dustin (or Mike, Lucas, Max, and El for that matter) even cared.

Jonathan still looks surprised and undeniably uncomfortable, but at least he tries to help. "We're, um..."

"We're still figuring that out." Nancy decides when he doesn't continue his thought, but her attention is solely on shuffling her eggs around on her plate.

"What does that mean?" Lucas pipes up. Nancy never really understood Jonathan's obsession with hiding away from other people until this very moment, and now she kind of empathizes. "I thought when you liked someone you want to be with them?"

"You do!" Nancy puts her foot in her own mouth. "It's just... sometimes more complicated than that."

"How?" Max now interrupts and it's like they're all going down the line in a row, seeing who can make them the most embarrassed. "Does that mean-"

"That means leave them alone, you guys." Steve interrupts her as he pushes himself out of his chair.

"We were just-"

"Well, now you're not." He sasses them and if Nancy weren't so confused she'd laugh. She didn't really get what Steve meant about

being a “damn good babysitter” earlier, but she sees it now. She wonders if his trick is because he’s still secretly fourteen at heart. “Don’t you have your own-” he waves his hand at the three of them, “thing to worry about anyway?”

Max and Lucas blush and go quiet and no one notices Dustin look away. El is chewing silently, but Mike won’t stop giving them weird looks.

“Finish up eating, we’re all gonna help the Byers’ clean up this place,” Steve commands as he walks out of the room. Like little henchmen, Dustin, Lucas, and Max all grumble but finish their food in silence before following him.

She’s not sure if it’s better or worse that it’s only the four of them now. The tension still hangs thick around them, all while Eleven looks oblivious to it, and Mike’s on the edge of asking them another question.

“Well. Are you guys?” He finally does. Nancy and Jonathan have the audacity to give him innocent looks. “Together?” He spells out for them.

“Mike-”

“I won’t tell Steve. Or mom or dad. Or even Will if you don’t want me to. I just want to know.”

“Why?” Nancy sighs, pushing her own plate out in front of her. She’s not hungry anymore.

“Because!” Mike groans and she can tell whatever he’s getting at isn’t easy for him. “We told each other last year...”

Nancy bites her lip as she finishes for him. “No more secrets.”

“Exactly.” He huffs and Nancy feels that guilt as it grows inside her. They have not made good on that promise, and she’s never lied to her brother (or herself) more than she has in the past year. “So, are you?”

But she can change that. She looks to Jonathan, who’s looking wistfully at the two of them. Still uncomfortable and lost on the

correct answer, but like he can tell this is a step for them. “We, uh, haven’t talked about it yet.”

“But?” Mike rolls his eyes and Eleven is watching them intently but silently.

She raises an eyebrow at Jonathan. A silent *you good with this?*

She realizes his fingers are brushing against hers under the table and tries to keep the smile off her face. “Yeah,” She looks back at her little brother as she hooks her fingers around his. “We...um, like each other.”

Mike nods, and it’s a similar look he wore when she told him a year ago she *didn’t* have feelings for Jonathan. “Okay,” he says as he reaches over the table for more syrup to slather on his plate.

“Okay?” Nancy repeats.

“Yeah. Okay. I knew it anyways and as long as you’re happy. Just don’t make it weird.”

“We’re not going to make it-” Nancy defends them as Mrs. Byers’ walks back into the kitchen.

“When’re you guys going to get that thing out of my fridge anyway?!” She’s saying to Steve and Hopper as she places their dishes in the sink, unaware of the conversation she walked in on.

“I’ll do it,” Steve offers and all four are out of their seats in an instant, although Nancy’s hand stays clasped around Jonathan’s. The boys have already got the fridge open as she positions herself farther away.

“Hey,” Hopper says to Jonathan as he and Joyce walk out back, and if he notices the new couple he certainly doesn’t show it. She thinks she notices Mrs. Byers’ look over curiously, but she’s not sure. “Harrington can barely keep his own head up, help him.”

Nancy’s death grip on her partner loosens a smidge, but she can tell he’s not thrilled about having to move that thing either. She wonders if he sees the full sized version in his nightmares too.

At least Mike and El are still next to her with looks of distaste on their faces.

“Calm down!” Dustin rolls his eyes as he chides. “This is a scientific discovery!”

“It’s disgusting,” Nancy supplies instead and Max already has the back door open for them.

“It’s dead, Nance,” Steve says as he gauges its weight, Jonathan tearing himself from her to help.

“Exactly why it doesn’t belong in the fridge! God, what were you two even thinking?”

“The kid talked me into it!” Steve is saying as they walk out back and it occurred to none of them beforehand they didn’t have anywhere to put it.

That’s how she finds herself with a shovel about ten feet behind the shed digging up soil. The rest of the kids are trying to renovate the shed back to its original state and by now Hopper’s working on the window.

She’s been digging silently ever since Mike went inside to check on Will and Eleven. When someone else picks up his shovel, she’s expecting it to maybe be Hopper or Steve or even Jonathan helping her out.

Max meets her curious stare. “I’ve got good upper body strength.” She shrugs. “Also, the boys in there-” She gestures to the shed. “suck.”

Nancy’s not really sure who this little redheaded girl even is, but she likes her already. “Are they fighting over you?” She wonders and Max’s head snaps up.

“What? No!” She focuses on digging more. “They’re being stupid.”

“When are they not?”

Max gives a little and laughs but the unanswered question still hangs

in the air, "It's just that Lucas likes me. And Dustin. And they're being weird about it."

"And you feel guilty?" Nancy looks at her. "'Cause you don't have any reason to-"

"I don't!" Max defends herself quickly. "I mean, I don't have any friends, and no one even wants me here besides Lucas." She says exasperated, "And, I don't know, it just feels like I'm messing up their friendship too."

"Well...I want you here too. And as for the boys...they'll get over it." Nancy shrugs and she can tell Max is studying her. Wants to say something.

It slowly hits her as Max shrugs. She needs advice, that big sister kind she sees in movies but never actually had to give because she's always been the bitchy one that never cared about her little brother or his company before. But Max is in the same position Nancy was a year ago more or less. Hell, the position she was in a week ago.

"Hey, you like Lucas?" She asks and the younger girl nods. "Then, it's simple. You should be with him."

She can't believe she's giving dating advice she learned two days ago to a fourteen-year-old.

"But-

"But nothing." Nancy cuts her off. She doesn't have the right thing to say, but she can learn from what she did last year. Max can too. She wants to help. "Trust me, nothing works except being honest with yourself. Anything else just ends up hurting everyone involved more."

"Are you scared of hurting Steve?" Max asks, looking at the dirt now. "I mean, I know I haven't been here long but you *were* dating Steve, but Mike back there said you liked Jonathan since last year and now...you're with him? But won't tell anyone because of Steve, right?"

Nancy bites her lip and makes a mental note to tell Mike to keep his

gossip to himself. "I made a mistake when I got back together with Steve, and if I were honest with myself then..." She hesitates. "I wouldn't have done that."

"And now?"

"Now Jonathan and I are...figuring things out. Steve knows that."

Max considers this. "Can you still be friends with him?"

"I'll let you know on that one." Nancy looks across the yard, seeing Steve walk out of the backdoor now. He's complaining and it's then she realizes Jonathan's holding the demo-dog and not letting Steve help. "It's up to him if he wants to forgive me. But, *Dustin* will get over you."

The younger girl looks hopeful. "You think so?"

"Yeah." Nancy nods. "Dustin really cares about his friends, he wants you guys to be happy. And I know you're new here and all, but they don't let just anyone tag along for this kind of stuff."

Max shakes her head. "They've told me though. Mike doesn't want me in the party."

"Mike's a jerk," Nancy says as she goes back to digging. "He'll get over it, he's just had a bad year. Plus, when Will and Eleven find out how much a badass you are, they'll want you in the group too. Then he'll be outnumbered." Nancy smiles as Max laughs but before she can go on about how everything is going to be fine and it'll just take some time, complete her whole big sister movie moment, they're being interrupted.

"Hey, uh, Nance," Jonathan calls as he makes his way over to their shallow grave, still holding that dog. She forces the thought that it's kind of hot he's hardly struggling with around a hundred odd pounds of dead weight out of her mind. "Is that done yet?"

Nancy shakes her head, taking a step backward. "No, go put that thing down!"

"Common," he surprises her by laughing. "Can I at least get a little



help here?”

“No!” She squeals, taking a step backward for every one he takes closer. “No way Jonathan! What the *fuck*, get that *thing* away from me!”

She doesn’t realize she’s kind of laughing too and Max is certainly laughing. And Steve had trailed along behind them with the intention of helping if he hadn’t been so utterly in awe.

He’s pretty sure Nancy didn’t even crack a smile for weeks after what happened last year. But the day after 1984’s disaster and Jonathan Byers has her laughing.

“Sorry,” Jonathan says to her, about thirty minutes later. Mike came back to help put the dirt in the hole and she’s glad to see he’s making conversation with Max. Steve is off somewhere nursing his bruises even though he moans how he doesn’t need to and she’s decided she deserved some water.

Nancy only quirks her eyebrows at him.

“For the demo-dog thing...”

“It’s okay,” She cuts him off. “I mean, it was *unnecessarily cruel* but I forgive you.”

Jonathan laughs and leans next to her on the counter. “How kind of you.”

She smirks at the fact he’s sassing her back. But he’s also leaning into her personal space just a little, and that fuels the smile more. “It’s the least I could do after such an exciting weekend you gave me.”

“Hey, this weekend was pretty good up until yesterday.”

“Yeah?” Nancy chuckles, her fingers inching closer towards his on the countertop. She could say something about an elaborate scheme or government conspiracy theories but she knows he’s not talking about all of that. “Yeah it was, wasn’t it?”

She stops laughing as their fingers brush and Jonathan’s looking at

her in the heavy way that makes her think he wants to kiss her. She hopes to god he does.

“Not *too* weird or crazy.” She says softly.

The corner of Jonathan’s mouth pulls up, “Yeah, what was the weirdest part?”

Nancy can’t help the wide smile that breaks out on her face now at the tease of nostalgia. “Oh, definitely you.”

Jonathan’s face is still light up and before she can help herself, she pushes herself up as he leans down to press his lips against hers.

It’s intimate in a new way like everything is right now. It’s not like they didn’t do this last night, but it was behind the security of his closed bedroom door. Not in the middle of his kitchen where anyone (such as his mother, her ex, or their brothers and various friends) could walk in, although they probably won’t. They’re still not really sure what this is, but there’s a tightness in her chest that the fact they’ve finally accepted it.

Jonathan pulls away slowly and as much as she wants to lean into him again, even more, something stops her.

“I’m sorry, I can’t.” She says gently, her weight going back down to her ankles. For a second Jonathan’s genuinely worried and she wants to laugh. “You smell like a dead animal.”

Jonathan shakes his head but he’s laughing as she pushes herself off the countertop. “You’re not over that?”

“Shower,” She teases, bouncing up to press her lips to his cheek. She doesn’t move as she continues, her voice low. “Then I’ll touch you.”

She smirks as she walks out of the kitchen, leaving Jonathan blushing with what she was also implying by that.